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CRITTO:  
OR, A  
DIALOGUE  
ON  
BEAUTY.



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By Sir *HARRY BEAUMONT.*

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# DIALOGUE,

O N

# BEAUTY.



T was on one of the most pleasing Mornings in the last Summer, that CRITO stole from the Noise and Bustle of the Town, to enjoy an agreeable Day, or Two, with his Friend TIMANTHES in the Country. TIMANTHES received him with all that Joy and Pleasure which is usual between Friends, who love one another entirely; and who have not met for a considerable Time. He shewed him his new Grove, and Gardens; and, as they were walking in the latter, “ Since the Weather begins to be so warm (says he), if you like it, we will dine under that open Tent. The Air there will be refreshing to you; and will bring us the Smell of the Orange and Lemon-

Trees

Trees which furround it, without breaking that View of the Country, of which you used to be so fond. When I placed them there, I had you in my Thoughts; and imagined it might be a favourite Seat of yours, whenever you came hither; which I wish your Affairs would suffer to be much oftener." Indeed the Spot was so well chosen, that it made not only their Dinner, but even their Conversation together after it, the more agreeable; and as they were still sitting and enjoying themselves there, for some time into the Afternoon; a Servant came to let TIMANTHES know, that MILESUS was just alighted; and was coming toward them. "Though in general I should not have chosen to be interrupted To-day (says TIMANTHES), I am not sorry for MILESUS's Visit at present; because his Gaiety may serve a little to divert you." "And I, says CRITO, love every thing that you love; and shall therefore go with Pleasure with you to meet him." MILESUS came up to them with his usual Vivacity in his Face, and Behaviour; and, after a short Compliment, or Two, they all sat down together again under the Tent.

They soon fell into a Conversation, which, though it might not be so solid, was at least more lively and joyous than their former. TIMANTHES could not help observing upon it. "You (says he), MILESUS, give Life to the Company wherever you come; but I am particularly glad of your coming hither To-day, because my Friend CRITO, on his Arrival this Morning, seemed to have the  
Remains

Remains of something of a Melancholy on his Face; but, since your joining us, the Cloud has been gradually clearing up, and seems now quite driven away. I would not then take any Notice of it to him, for fear of oppressing the Mind of my Friend whilst too much afflicted; but, as it now appears to have been only a passing Cloud, I could wish to ask the Cause of it; that I might endeavour to alleviate his Concern, if in my Power; and if not, that at least I might share it with him.” “I am very much obliged to you (replied CRITO, with a Cast of the same Concern returning on his Face), for your Tenderness for me, on this, and all other Occasions: But if you observed any thing of Sorrow about me on my First coming in, I can assure you, that it was not for any Misfortune that has happened to myself; nor any new Misfortune to any of our Friends: Whatever you saw in me of that kind, must have been occasioned by the Visit I made this Morning. You both know the Beauty and Merits of Mrs. B \* \* \*, as well as what a Brute of a Husband she has the Misfortune to be married to. I just called there, before I set out; and, on the Servant’s telling me, that his Lady had been up some time, and was sitting in the Room next the Garden; as my near Relation to her gave me the Liberty of going on without sending in my Name, I walked toward the Room; and found the Door only just open enough, to let me see her leaning on a Couch, with her Head rested negligently on one Hand, whilst with the other she was wiping away a Tear, that stole si-

lently down her Cheek. The Distress in her Countenance, and the little Confusion that appeared about her Eyes, on her First discovering me (just as I was doubting whether I should retire or not), added so much to the other Beauties of her Face, that I think I never saw her look so charming in my Life. “Stay, Sir (says she); for you, I am sure, can excuse this little Overflow of Weakness in me.—My poor, dear, *Jacky*!—If Heaven had spared him to me, he would this very Day have been Seven Years old. What a pretty little Companion should I have had in him, to have diverted me in some of the many Hours that I now pass alone?” I dissimbled my being but too well acquainted with the real Occasion of her Sorrows; joined with her in lamenting the Loss she had mentioned; and, as soon as I could, led the Conversation into another Chanel; and said every thing I could think of, to divert her Mind from the Object that I knew afflicted her. By Degrees, she recovered her usual Behaviour; but, through all the Calmness and Pleasingness of it, there was still a Cloud hanging about her Eyes, which betrayed Part of the Uneasiness that she daily suffers under in her Heart. Good Heaven! how is it possible that any human Creature should treat so much Goodness, and so many Charms, with so much Barbarity of Behaviour!”—We all know the Vileness of the Man, cried MILESIVS, as well as the Beauty and good Qualities of his Lady; but, pray, how come you to think, that her Sufferings should add to her Charms? or that a Distress, like  
her’s,

her's, could ever be pleasing to the Eye? Some People have got such strange, unintelligible Notions of Beauty! — “ Was I to let you into all my Thoughts about Beauty, replied CRITO, what I happened to mention just now would, perhaps, appear far from being unintelligible to you. To own the Truth, I have thought on this Subject (which is usually rather viewed with too much Pleasure, than considered with any thing of Judgment) more gravely at least, I dare say, than ever you have: And if you was to provoke me a little farther, I do not know whether I could not lay down to you a sort of Scheme on it; which might go a good Way not only toward clearing up this, but most of the other Difficulties that so often occur in talking of it.” — I should as soon think of dissecting a Rainbow, says MILESIUS, as of forming grave and punctual Notions of Beauty. Who, for Heaven's sake, can reduce to Rules, what is so quick, and so variable, as to be shifting its Appearances every Moment, on the most delightful Faces? — “ And why are those Faces the most delightful, in which that happens?” says CRITO. — Nay, that is one of the very things I could least pretend to account for, replied MILESIUS. I am satisfied with seeing that they are so; 'tis a Subject that I never yet had a single Desire to reason upon; and I can very willingly leave it to you, to be a Philosopher in Love. — But seriously, interposed TIMANTHES, turning toward CRITO, if you have ever found Leisure and Calmness enough to think steadily on so uncertain, and so engaging a Subject;

why

why should not you oblige us with the Result of your Thoughts upon it? Let me beg it of you, as a Favour to both of us; for I am sure it will be agreeable to both: And if you refuse me, I am resolved to join with MILESUS in believing, that it is incapable of having any thing said systematically, or even regularly, about it.—“ You know, says CRITO, how little I love to have all the Talk to myself; and what you propose may take me up an Hour, or Two: But if I must launch out into so wide a Subject, it will be very necessary, that I should begin with telling you what I chiefly propose to consider, and what not.

**E**VERY Object that is pleasing to the Eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the Mind, on Recollection, may be called beautiful; so that Beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible Creation, or even as far as the Imagination can go; which is a sort of new or secondary Creation. Thus we speak not only of the Beauties of an engaging Prospect, of the rising or setting Sun, or of a fine starry Heaven; but of those of a Picture, Statue, or Building; and even of the Actions, Characters, or Thoughts of Men. In the greater Part of these, there may be almost as many false Beauties, as there are real; according to the different Tastes of Nations, and Men; so that if any one was to consider Beauty in its fullest Extent, it could not be done without the greatest Confusion. I shall therefore confine my Subject to visible Beauty;

Beauty ; and of that, to such only as may be called personal, or human Beauty ; and that again, to such as is natural or real, and not such as is only national or customary ; for I would not have you imagine, that I would have any thing to do with the beautiful thick Lips of the good People of *Bantam*, or the excessive small Feet of the Ladies of Quality in *Cbina*.

I am apt to think, that every thing belonging to Beauty (by which I need not repeat to you, at every Turn, that I mean real personal Beauty), would fall under one or other of these Four Heads ; Color, Form, Expression, and Grace. The Two former of which I should look upon as the Body, and the Two latter as the Soul, of Beauty.

THO' Color be the lowest of all the constituent Parts of Beauty, yet is it vulgarly the most striking, and the most observed. For which there is a very obvious Reason to be given ; that “ every body can see, and very few can judge ;” the Beauties of Color requiring much less of Judgment, than either of the other Three. I shall therefore have much less to say of it, than of each of the others ; and shall only give you Two or Three Observations, relating to it.

As to the Color of the Body in general, the most beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which *Apelles* expressed in his famous *Venus* ;  
and

and which, though the Picture itself be lost, *Cicero* has in some Degree preserved to us, in his † excellent Description of it. It was (as we learn from him), a fine Red, beautifully intermixt and incorporated with White; and diffused, in its due Proportions, through each Part of the Body. Such are the Descriptions of a most beautiful Skin, in § several of the *Roman* Poets; and such often is the Coloring of *Titian*, and particularly, in his sleeping *Venus*, or whatever other Beauty that charming Piece was meant to represent.

† Illud video pugnare te, species ut quædam sit Deorum; quæ nihil concreti habeat, nihil solidi, nihil expressi, nihil eminentis: sitque pura, levis, perlucida. Dicemus ergo idem, quod in Venere Coâ; corpus non est, sed simile corpori: nec ille fusus et candore mixtus rubor sanguis est, sed quædam sanguinis similitudo. *Cicero de Naturâ Deor. lib. 1.*

§ Thus *Virgil*, in the Blush of his *Lavinia*;

Acceptit vocem lacrymis Lavinia matris,  
Flagrantes perfusa genas; cui plurimus ignem  
Subjecit rubor, & calefacta per ora cucurrit:  
Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro  
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ  
Alba rosâ; tales virgo dabat ore colores. *Æn. 12. 69.*

*Ovid*, in his *Narcissus*;

Impubesque genas, et eburnea colla, decusque  
Oris; & in niveo mistum candore ruborem. *Met. 3. 423.*

And *Tibullus*, in his *Apollo*;

Candor erat, qualem præfert Latonia luna;  
Et color in niveo corpore purpureus.  
Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito  
Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas:  
Ut quum contexunt amaranthis alba puellæ  
Lilia; & autumnio candida mala rubent.

*Lib. 2. El. 3. 21.*

The Reason why these Colors please so much is not only their natural Liveliness, nor the much greater Charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but is also owing in some Degree to the Idea they carry with them of good Health; † without which, all Beauty grows languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional Life and Lustre.

As to the Color of the Face in particular, a great deal of its Beauty is owing (beside the Causes I have already mentioned) to Variety; that being designed by Nature for the greatest Concourse of different Colors, of any Part in the human Body. Colors please by Opposition; and it is in the Face that they are the most diversified, and the most opposed.

You would laugh out perhaps, if I was to tell you, that the same Thing, which makes a fine Evening, makes a fine Face (I mean as to the particular Part of Beauty I am now speaking of); and yet this, I believe, is very true.

The Beauty of an Evening Sky, about the Setting of the Sun, is owing to the Variety of Colors that are scattered along the Face of the Heavens. It is the fine red Clouds, intermixt with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the

† *Venustas et pulchritudo corporis secerni non potest à valetudine. Cicero de Officiis, lib. 1. §. 95.*

azure Bottom appearing here and there between them, which makes all that beautiful Composition, that delights the Eye so much, and gives such a serene Pleasure to the Heart. In the same manner, if you consider some beautiful Faces, you may observe, that it is much the same Variety of Colors, which gives them that pleasing Look; which is so apt to attract the Eye, and but too often to engage the Heart. For all this Sort of Beauty is resolvable into a proper Variation of Flesh Color and Red, with the clear Blueness of the Veins pleasingly intermixt about the Temples and the Going off of the Cheeks, and set off by the Shades of full Eyebrows; and of the Hair, when it falls in a proper Manner round the Face.

It is for much the same Reason, that the best Landschape-painters have been generally observed to chuse the autumnal Part of the Year for their Pieces, rather than the Spring. They prefer the Variety of Shades and Colors, though in their Decline, to all their Freshness and Verdure in their Infancy; and think all the Charms and Liveliness even of the Spring more than compensated by the Choice, Opposition, and Richness of Colors, that appear almost on every Tree in the Autumn.

Though one's Judgment is so apt to be guided by some particular Attachments (and that more perhaps in this Part of Beauty than any other), yet I am a good deal persuaded, that a complete brown Beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one;

one; the bright Brown giving a Lustre to all the other Colors, a Vivacity to the Eyes, and a Richness to the whole Look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent Skins. *Raphael's* most charming Madonna is a brunette Beauty; and his earlier Madonna's (those I mean of his middle Stile) are generally of a lighter and less pleasing Complexion. All the best Artists in the noblest Age of Painting, about *Leo* the Tenth's Time, used this deeper and richer Kind of coloring; and I fear one might add, that the glaring Lights introduced by *Guido*, went a great Way toward the Declension of that Art; as the enfeebling of the Colors by *Carlo Marat* (or, if you please, by his Followers) hath since almost completed the Fall of it in *Italy*.

I have but one thing more to mention, before I quit this Head; that I should chuse to comprehend some Things under this Article of Color, which are not perhaps commonly meant by that Name. As that appearing Softness or Silkeness of some Skins, that † Magdalen-look in some fine

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† The Look here meant is most frequently express'd by the best Painters in their *Magdalens*; in which, if there were no Tears on the Face, you would see, by the humid Redness of the Skin, that she had been weeping extremely. There is a very strong Instance of this in a *Magdalen* by *Le Brun*, in one of the Churches at *Paris*; and several by *Titian*, in *Italy*; the very best of which is at the *Barberigo* Palace at *Venice*. In speaking of which, *Rosalba* hardly went too far, when she said, "It wept all over;" or (in the very Words she used), "Elle pleure jusqu' aux bouts de doix."

Faces, after weeping; that Brightness, as well as Tint, of the Hair; that Lustre of Health, that shines forth upon the Features; that Luminousness that appears in some Eyes, and that fluid Fire, or Glistening, in others: Some of which are of a Nature so much superior to the common Beauties of Color, that they make it doubtful whether they should not have been ranked under a higher Class; and reserved for the Expression of the Passions; but I would willingly give every thing it's Due, and therefore mention them here; because I think even the most doubtful of them belong partly to this Head, as well as partly to the other.

FORM takes in the Turn of each Part, as well as the Symmetry of the whole Body, even to the Turn of an Eyebrow, or the Falling of the Hair. I should think too, that the Attitude, while fixt, ought to be reckoned under this Article: By which I do not only mean the Posture of the Person, but the Position of each Part; as the Turning of the Neck, the Extending of the Hand, the Placing of a Foot; and so on to the most minute Particulars.

The general Cause of Beauty in the Form or Shape in both Sexes is a Proportion, or an Union and Harmony, § in all Parts of the Body.

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§ Pulchritudo corporis aptâ compositione membrorum movet oculos; & delectat hoc ipso, quòd inter se omnes partes quodam lepore consentiunt. *Cicero de Off. lib. 1. §. 91.*

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The distinguishing Character of Beauty in the Female Form, is Delicacy and Softness; and in the Male, either apparent Strength, or Agility.

The finest Exemplars that can be seen for the former, is the *Venus of Medici*; and for the Two latter, the *Hercules Farnese* and the *Apollo Belvedere*.

There is one thing indeed in the last of these Figures, which exceeds the Bounds of our present Enquiry; what I have heard an *Italian* Artist call, *Il sovra umano*; and what we may call the Transcendent, or Celestial\*. 'Tis something distinct

\* This is mentioned, or hinted at, by several of the *Roman* Writers:

Humanam supra formam. ——— *Phædrus, lib. 4. f. 23.*

Forma nisi in veras non cadit illa Deas.

*Ovid. Her. Epist. 18. 68.*

—— Hoc ære, Ceres; hoc, lucida Gnoſſis:

Illo Maia tholo; Venus hoc, non improba, saxo:

Accipiunt vultus non indignata decoros

Numina ——— *Statius, lib. 5. Sylv. 1. 235.*

In quiete ——— visa species viri majoris quàm pro humano habitu, augustiorisque. *Livy, lib. 8. §. 6.*

Os humerosque Deo similis; namque ipsa decoram

Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ

Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:

Quale manus addunt ebori decus; aut ubi flavo

Argentum, Pariusve lapis, circumdatur auro.

*Virgil. Æn. 1. 593.*

Magnæ mentis opus, ———

—— Currus, et equos, faciesque Deorum

Aspicere. ——— *Juvenal. Sat. 7. 68.*

from

from all human Beauty, and of a Nature greatly superior to it ; something that seems like an Air of Divinity : Which is exprest, or at least is to be traced out, in but very few Works of the Artists ; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any Ray in their Descriptions (or perhaps even in their Imagination), except *Homer* and *Virgil*, among the Antients ; and our *Shakespear*, and *Milton*, among the Moderns.

The Beauty of the mere human Form is much superior to that of Color ; and it may be partly for this Reason, that when one is observing the finest Works of the Artists at *Rome* (where there is still the noblest Collection of any in the World), one feels the Mind more struck and more charmed with the capital Statues, than with the Pictures of the greatest Masters.

One of the old *Roman* Poets, in speaking of a very handsome Man, who was Candidate for the Prize in some of the public Games, says, that he was much expected and much admired by all the Spectators, at his first Appearance ; but that, when he flung off his Robes, and discovered the whole Beauty of his Shape all together, it was so superior, that it quite \* extinguished the Beauties

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\* ——— Arcada Parthenopæum  
Appellant. denique cuncta cava mutmura Circi ;  
Tandem expectatus volucris super agmina saltu  
Emicat ; & torto chlamydem diffibulat auro :

Beauties they had before so much admired in his Face.

I have often felt much the same Effect in viewing the *Venus of Medici*. If you observe the Face only, it appears extremely beautiful; but if you consider all the other Elegances of her Make, the Beauty of her Face becomes less striking, and is almost lost in such a Multiplicity of Charms.

Whoever would learn what makes the Beauty of each Part of the human Body, may find it laid down, pretty much at large, by † *Felibien*; or  
may

Effulsere artus, membrorumque omnis aperta est  
Latitia; insignesque humeri, nec pectora nudis  
Deteriora genis: latuitque in corpore vultus.

*Statius Theb.* 6. 573.

† In his *Entretiens*, vol. 2. p. 14—45. The chief of what he says there, on the Beauty of the different Parts of the Female Form, is as follows.

That the *Head* should be well rounded; and look rather inclining to small than large.

The *Forehead* white, smooth, and open (not with the Hair growing down too deep upon it); neither flat nor prominent, but like the Head, well-rounded; and rather small in Proportion than large.

The *Hair*, either bright, black, or brown; not thin, but full and waving; and if it falls in moderate Curls, the better. The Black is particularly useful for setting off the Whiteness of the Neck and Skin.

The *Eyes*, black, chesnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively; and rather large in Proportion than small.

The *Eyebrows*, well divided, rather full than thin; semicircular, and broader in the Middle than at the Ends; of a neat Turn, but not formal.

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may study it with more Pleasure to himself, in the finest Pictures and Statues ; and I am forced to have

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The *Cheeks* should not be wide ; should have a Degree of Plumpness, with the Red and White finely blended together ; and should look firm and soft.

The *Ear* should be rather small than large ; well-folded, and with an agreeable Tinge of Red.

The *Nose* should be placed so as to divide the Face into Two equal Parts ; should be of a moderate Size, strait, and well-squared ; though sometimes a little Rising in the Nose, which is but just perceivable, may give a very graceful Look to it.

The *Mouth* should be small ; and the Lips, not of equal Thickness : They should be well-turned, small, rather than gross ; soft, even to the Eye ; and with a living Red in them. A truly pretty Mouth, is like a Rose-bud that is beginning to blow.

The *Teeth* should be middle-sized, white, well-ranged, and even.

The *Chin*, of a moderate Size ; white, soft, and agreeably rounded.

The *Neck* should be white, strait, and of a soft, easy, and flexible Make, rather long than short ; less above, and increasing gently toward the Shoulders : The Whiteness and Delicacy of its Skin should be continued, or rather go on improving, to the Bosom.

The *Skin* in general should be white, properly tinged with Red ; with an apparent Softness, and a Look of thriving Health in it.

The *Shoulders* should be white, gently spread, and with a much softer Appearance of Strength, than in those of Men.

The *Arm* should be white, round, firm, and soft ; and more particularly so from the Elbow to the Hands.

The *Hand* should unite insensibly with the Arm ; just as it does in the Statue of the *Venus of Medici*. They should be long, and delicate ; and even the Joints and nervous Parts of them should be without either any Hardness or Driness.

The *Fingers* should be fine, long, round, and soft ; small, and lessening toward the Tips of them : And the Nails long, rounded at the Ends, and pellucid.

have recourse to them so often, because in Life we commonly see but a small Part of the human Body; most of it being either disguised, or altered, by what we call Drefs.

I was acquainted, for some Years, with a Lady who has as pretty a made Head and Neck as can be conceived; and never knew any thing of the Matter, till I happened one Morning to catch her at her Toilet, before she had deformed herself by putting on her Headcloaths.

If that beautiful round Oak, with so fine and strait a Body, had a Tent or sloping Building, coming down from the Top of its Trunk to the Ground, all round it, and Two or Three Sheets flung over the greatest Part of its Head, we should scarce be able to know, whether it was a beautiful Tree or not: And such is the circling Hoop, that the Women wear in some Countries; and the vast Wad of Linen, that they carry upon their Head in others.

The *Bosom* should be white, and charming; and the Breasts equal in Roundness, Whiteness, and Firmness; neither too much elevated, nor too much deprest; rising gently, and very distinctly separated; in one Word, just like those of the *Venus* of *Medici*.

The *Sides* should be long, and the Hips wider than the Shoulders; and should turn off as they do in the same *Venus*; and go down rounding, and lessening gradually to the Knee.

The *Knee* should be even, and well-rounded; the *Legs* strait, but varied by a proper Rounding of the more fleshy Part of them; and the *Feet* finely turned, white and little.

The old Heathens used to cover the finest Statues of their Gods all over with long Robes, on their greatest Festivals: What a Figure would the *Venus of Medici*, or the *Apollo Belvedere*, make, in such a Dress?

I don't, to this Day, know, whether the famous Lady of *Loretto* be well or ill shaped; for, though I have seen her several times, I have never seen her without a sort of Hoop-petticoat, very much stiffened with Pearls and Jewels, and reaching all down her Body; quite from her Neck, to her Feet. Queen *Elizabeth* might have been well-shaped to as little Purpose, or ill-shaped with as much Security, in the vast Fardingal and puffed Robes, that we generally see her swell'd out with, in her Pictures.

And we do not only thus, in a great measure, hide Beauty; but even injure, and kill it, by some Parts of our Dress. A Child is no sooner born into the World, than it is bound up, almost as firmly as an old *Egyptian* Mummy, in several Folds of Linen. It is in vain for him to give all the Signs of Distress that Nature has put in his Power, to shew how much he suffers whilst they are thus imprisoning his Limbs; or all the Signs of Joy, every time they are set at Liberty. In a few Minutes, the old Witch, who presides over his infant Days, falls to tormenting him afresh, and winds him up again in his destined Confinement. When he comes to be dressed like a Man, he has

Liga-

Ligatures applied to his Arms, Legs, and Middle, in short, all over him; to prevent the natural Circulation of his Blood, and make him less active and healthy; and if it be a Child of the tenderer Sex, she must be bound yet more streightly about the Waist and Stomach; to acquire a Disproportion, that Nature never meant in her Shape. I have heard a very nice Critic in Beauty say, that he was never well acquainted with any Woman in *England*, that was not in some Degree crooked; and I have often heard another Gentleman, that has been much in *Africa*, and the *Indies*, assert, that he never saw any black Woman, that was crooked. The Reason no doubt is, that they keep to Nature; whereas our Ladies chuse to be shaped by the Staymaker.

THE Two other constituent Parts of Beauty are, Expression and Grace: The former of which, is common to all Persons and Faces; and the latter, is to be met with but in very few.

BY Expression, I mean the Expression of the Passions; the Turns and Changes of the Mind, so far as they are made visible to the Eye, by our Looks or Gestures.

Tho' the Mind appears principally in the Face, and Attitudes of the Head; yet every Part almost of the human Body, on some Occasion or other,

may become expressive. Thus the languishing Hanging of the Arm, or the vehement Exertion of it; the Pain express'd by the Fingers of one of the Sons in the famous Group of *Laocoon*, and in the Toes of the dying Gladiator. But this again is often lost among us by our Dress; and indeed is of the less Concern, because the Expression of the Passions passes chiefly in the Face, which we (by good Luck) have not as yet concealed.

The Parts of the Face in which the Passions most frequently make their Appearance, are the Eyes, and Mouth; but from the Eyes, they diffuse themselves (very strongly) about the Eyebrows; as, in the other Case, they appear often in the Parts all round the Mouth.

Philosophers may dispute as much as they please, about the Seat of the Soul; but, where-ever it resides, I am sure that it speaks in the Eyes.

I do not know, whether I have not injured the Eyebrows, in making them only Dependants on the Eye; for they, especially in lively Faces, have, as it were, a Language of their own; and are extremely varied, according to the different Sentiments and Passions of the Mind.

I have sometimes observed a Degree of Displeasure in a Lady's Eyebrow, when she had Address enough not to let it appear in her Eyes; and at other times have discovered so much of her Thoughts,

Thoughts, in the Line just above her Eyebrows; that she has been amazed how any body could tell what passed in her Mind, and as she thought undiscovered by her Face, so particularly and distinctly.

*Homer* makes the Eyebrows the Seat of § Majesty, *Virgil* of † Dejection, *Horace* of || Modesty, and *Juvenal* of \* Pride; and I question whether every one of the Passions is not assigned, by one or other of the Poets, to the same Part.

If you would rather have Authorities from the Writers of honest Prose, *Le Brun* (who published a very pretty Treatise, to shew how the Passions affect the Face and Features) says, that the princi-

§ Η, και κυανησιν επ' ορευσεν νευσε Κροτων  
Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακλος  
Κραλος αω' αθανασιοι: μεγαλν δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.

Il. a. 530.

It was from this Passage that *Phidias* borrowed all the Ideas of that Majesty which he had expressed so strongly in his famous Statue of the *Jupiter Olympius*; and *Horace*, probably, his — *Cuncta supercilio moventis. Lib. 3. Od. 1. 8.*

† *Frons læta parum, & dejectq lumina vultu.*

*Virgil. Æn. 6. 863.*

|| *Deme supercilio nubem; plerumque modestus  
Occupat obscuri speciem. — Horat. lib. 1. Epist. 18. 95.*

\* *Malo Venufinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater  
Gracchorum; si cum magnis virtutibus affers  
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.*

*Juvenal. Sat. 6. 168.*

It is hence that the *Romans* used the Word *superciliosus* (as we do from them the Word *supercilious*) for proud and arrogant Persons.

pal Seat of them is in the Eyebrows; and old *Pliny* had said † much the same Thing, so many hundred Years before him.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the Passions in general: We will now consider a little, if you please, which of them add to Beauty; and which of them take from it.

I believe we may say, in general, that all the tender and kind Passions add to Beauty; and all the cruel and unkind ones, add to Deformity: And it is on this Account that Good-nature may, very justly, be said to be “the best Feature even in the finest Face.”

Mr. *Pope* has included the principal Passions of each Sort, in Two very pretty Lines:

*Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train;  
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain.*

The former of which, naturally give an additional Lustre and Enlivening to Beauty; as the latter are too apt to fling a Gloom and Cloud over it.

† *Frons tristitiæ, hilaritatis, clementiæ, severitatis index: in ascensu ejus supercilia, & pariter, & alternè mobilia; & in iis, pars animi. [His] negamus; annuimus. Hæc maximè indicant factum. Superbia alicubi conceptaculum, sed hîc sedem habet: in corde nascitur; hîc subit, hîc pendet. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 11. cap. 37.*

Yet in these, and all the other Passions, I do not know whether Moderation may not be, in a great measure, the Rule of their Beauty; almost as far as Moderation in Actions is the Rule of Virtue.

Thus an excessive Joy may be too boisterous in the Face to be pleasing; and a Degree of Grief, in some Faces, and on some Occasions, may be extremely beautiful.

Some Degrees of Anger, Shame, Surprise, Fear, and Concern, are beautiful; but all Excess is hurtful, and all Excess ugly.

Dulness, Austerity, Impudence, Pride, Affectation, Malice, and Envy, are, I believe, always ugly.

The finest Union of Passions, that I have ever observed in any Face, consisted of a just Mixture of Modesty, Sensibility, and Sweetness; each of which, when taken singly, is very pleasing; but when they are all blended together, in such a manner as either to enliven or correct each other, they give almost as much Attraction, as the Passions are capable of adding to a very pretty Face.

The prevailing Passion in the *Venus of Medici* is Modesty: It is express'd by each of her Hands, in her Looks, and in the Turn of her Head.  
And

And by the way, I question whether one of the chief Reasons, why Side-faces please one more than Full ones, may not be from the former having more of the Air of Modesty than the latter. However that be, this is certain, that the best Artists usually chuse to give a Side-face, rather than a Full one; in which Attitude, the Turn of the Neck too has more Beauty, and the Passions more Activity and Force. Thus, as to Hatred and Affection in particular, the Look that was formerly supposed to carry an Infection with it from malignant Eyes, was a slanting Regard; like that which *Milton* gives to *Satan* §, when he is viewing the Happiness of our first Parents in Paradise; and the Fascination, or Stroke of Love, is most usually, I believe, conveyed, at first, in a Side-glance.

It is owing to the great Force of Pleasingness which attends all the kinder Passions; “That Lovers do not only seem, but are really more beautiful to each other, than they are to the rest of the World;” because, when they are together, the most pleasing Passions are more frequently exerted in each of their Faces, than they are in either before the rest of the World. There is then (as a certain *French* Writer very well expresses it) “A Soul upon their Countenances,” which does not

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§ ————— Aside the Devil turn'd  
For Envy; yet, with jealous Leer malign,  
Ey'd them askance. —————

*Paradise Lost*, B. 4. 504.

appear when they are absent from each other ; or even when they are together, conversing with other Persons, that are indifferent to them, or rather lay a Restraint upon their Features.

I dare say you begin to see the Preference, that the Beauty of the Passions has over the Two Parts of Beauty first-mentioned ; and if any one was not thoroughly convinced of it, I should beg him to consider a little the following Particulars ; of which every body must have met with several Instances, in their Life-time.

That there is a great deal of Difference in the same Face, according as the Person is in a better or worse Humour, or in a greater or less Degree of Liveliness.

That the best Complexion, the finest Features, and the exactest Shape, without any thing of the Mind express'd on the Face, is as insipid and unmoving, as the waxen Figure of the fine Duchess of *Richmond* in *Westminster Abbey*.

That a Face without any good Feature in it, and with a very indifferent Complexion, shall have a very taking Air ; from the Sensibility of the Eyes, the general good-humoured Turn of the Look, and perhaps a little agreeable Smile about the Mouth. And these Three Things, I believe, would go a great way toward accounting for the *Je ne sçai quoi*, or that inexplicable Pleasing-

ness of the Face (as they chuse to call it), which is so often talked of, and so little understood; as the greater Part, and perhaps all the rest of it, would fall under the last Article, that of Grace.

I once knew a very fine Woman, who was admired by every body that saw her, and scarce loved by any body. This Ineffectualness of all her Beauties was occasioned by a Want of the pleasing Passions in her Face, and an Appearance of the displeasing ones; particularly, those of Pride and Ill-nature. Nero, of old, seems \* to have had this unpleasing Sort of Handsomeness, and probably from much the same Cause; the Goodness of his Features being overlaid by the Ugliness of the Passions that appeared on his Face.

The finest Eyes in the World, with an Excess of Malice or Rage in them, will grow as shocking as they are in that fine Face of *Medusa*, on the famous Seal in the *Strozzi* Family at *Rome*.

Thus you see, that the Passions can give Beauty, without the Assistance of Color or Form; and take it away, where they have united the most strongly to give it: And it was this that made me assert, at first, that this Part of Beauty was so extremely superior to the other Two.

\* *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, says, "That he had a Look which might rather be called handsome than pleasing:" *Vultu, pulchro magis quàm venusto. Cap. 51.*

This, by the way, may help us to account for the Justness of what *Pliny* asserts in speaking of the famous Statue of *Laocoon* and his Two Sons: He says, It was the finest Piece of Art in *Rome*; and \* to be preferred to all the other Statues and Pictures, of which they had so noble a Collection in his time. It had no Beauties of Color, to vie with the Paintings; and other Statues there (as the *Apollo Belvedere*, and the *Venus of Medici*, in particular) were as finely proportioned as the *Laocoon*: But this had a much greater Variety of Expression, even than those fine ones; and it must be on that Account alone, that it could have been preferable to them, and all the rest.

Before I quit this Head, I would just remind you of Two things that I have mentioned before: That the chief Rule of the Beauty of the Passions, is Moderation; and that the Part in which they appear most strongly, is the Eyes. It is there that Love holds all his tenderest Language: It is there that Virtue commands, Modesty charms, Joy enlivens, Sorrow engages, and Inclination fires the Hearts of the Beholders: It is there that even Fear, and Anger, and Confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due Bounds and Limits; for too full an Appearance of Virtue, a violent and prostitute Swell of

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\* Sicut in Laocoonte, qui est in Titi Imperatoris domo; opus, omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præferendum. *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 36. cap. 5.*

Passion, a rustic and overwhelming Modesty, a deep Sadness, or too wild and impetuous a Joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

THE last finishing and noblest Part of Beauty is Grace ; which every body is accustomed to speak of as a thing \* inexplicable ; and, in a great measure, I believe, it is so. We know that the Soul is, but we scarce know what it is ; every Judge of Beauty can point out Grace ; but no one that I know of has ever yet fixt upon a Definition for it.

Grace often depends on some very little Incidents in a fine Face ; and in Actions, it consists more in the manner of doing things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its Appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered, than any thing fixt and steady. While you look upon one, it steals from under the Eye of the Observer ; and is succeeded perhaps by another, that flits away as soon, and as imperceptibly.

\* *Decorum quoddam arcanum, atque felicitas ; cujus effectum in multis videmus quotidie ; causam verò reddere nemo potest. Erasmus in his Philodoxus.*

*Horace* thought it so far from being explicable, that he does not even venture to give it any Name, in some very pretty Lines of his on this Subject.

Quò fugit Venus, heu ! quòve Color ? Decens

Quò motus ? Quid habes illius, illius,

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi ? — *Lib. 4. Od. 13. 20.*

It is on this Account that Grace is better to be studied in *Corregio's*, *Guido's*, and *Raphael's* Pictures, than in real Life. Thus, for Instance, if I wanted to discover what it is that makes Anger graceful, in a Set of Features full of the greatest Sweetness; I should rather endeavour to find it out in *Guido's St. Michael*, than in Mrs. *P \* l \* t's* Face, if that ever had any Anger in it; because, in the pictured Angel, one has full Leisure to consider it; but, in the living one, it would be too transient and changeable to be the Subject of any steady Observation.

But though one cannot punctually say what Grace is, we may point out the Parts and Things in which it is most apt to appear.

The chief Dwelling-place of Grace is about the Mouth; though, at times, it may visit every Limb or Part of the Body. But the Mouth is the chief Seat of Grace\*; as much as the chief Seat for the Beauty of the Passions is in the Eyes.

In a very graceful Face, by which I do not so much mean a majestic, as a soft and pleasing one, there is now-and-then (for no Part of Beauty is either so engaging, or so uncommon) a certain

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\* Thus when the *French* use the Expression of *une bouche fort gracieuse*, they mean it properly of Grace; but when they say, *des yeux tres gracieux*, it then falls to the Share of the Passions; and means kind or favourable.

Deliciousness that almost always lives about the Mouth, in something not quite enough to be called a Smile, but rather an Approach toward one ; which varies gently about the different Lines there, like a little fluttering *Cupid* ; and perhaps sometimes discovers a little Dimple, that after just lightening upon you disappears, and appears again by Fits. This I take to be one of the most pleasing Sorts of Grace of any ; but you will understand what I mean by your own Memory, better than by any Expressions I could possibly use to describe it.

The Grace of Attitudes may belong to the Position of each Part, as well as to the Carriage or Disposition of the whole Body ; but how much more it belongs to the Head, than to any other Part, may be seen in the Pieces of the most celebrated Painters ; and particularly, in those of *Guido* ; who has been rather too lavish in bestowing this Beauty on almost all his fine Women, whereas Nature has given it in so high a Degree but to very few.

The Turns of the Neck are extremely capable of Grace ; and are very easy to be observed, and very difficult to be accounted for.

How much of this Grace may belong to the Arms and Feet, as well as to the Neck and Head, may be seen in dancing ; but it is not only in genteel Motions, that a very pretty Woman will be graceful ;

graceful ; and *Ovid* (who was so great a Master in all the Parts of Beauty) had very good Reason for saying\*, That when *Venus*, to please her Gallant, imitated the hobbling Gait of her Husband, her very Lameness had a great deal of Prettiness and Grace in it.

“ Every † Motion of a graceful Woman (says another Writer of the same Age) is full of Grace.” She designs nothing by it perhaps, and may even not be sensible of it herself ; and indeed she should not be so too much ; for the Moment that any Gesture or Action appears to be affected, it ceases to be graceful.

*Horace* ‖ and *Virgil* seem to extend Grace so far, as to the Flowing of the Hair ; and

*Ti-*

\* Nec Venus oranti (neque enim Dea mollior ulla est)

Rustica Gradivo difficilisve fuit ;

Ah quoties lasciva pedes risisse mariti

Dicitur, & duras arte vel igne manus !

Marte palam, simulat Vulcanum : imitata decebat ;

Multaque cum formâ gratia mista fuit.

*Ovid. de Arte Amandi, 2. 570.*

† Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò vestigia vertit,

Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

*Tibullus, lib. 4. El. 2. 8.*

‖ Crine decorum. —

*Horace, lib. 1. Od. 32. 12.*

Intonsofque agitare Apollinis aura capillos. *Id. Epod. 15. 9.*

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur ; mollique fluentem

Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro :

Tela sonant humeris. Haud illo segnior ibat

*Æneas* : tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

*Virgil. Æn. 4. 150.*

And

§ *Tibullus*, even to the Dress of his Mistress ; but then he assigns it more to her Manner of putting on, and appearing in whatever she wears, than to the Dress itself. It is true, there is another wicked Poet, who has said (with much less Decency), “ that “ Dress is the better \* Half of the Woman.”

There are Two very distinct (and as it were opposite) Sorts of Grace ; the Majestic, and the Familiar ; I should have called the latter by the Name of Pleasing, had not I been afraid of a Tautology ; for Grace is Pleasingness itself : The former belongs chiefly to the very fine Women ; and the latter, to the very pretty ones ; that is the more commanding, and this the more delightful and engaging. The *Grecian* Painters and Sculptors used to express the former most strongly in the Looks and Attitudes of their *Minerva*'s ; and the latter, in those of *Venus*.

*Xenophon*, in his Choice of *Hercules* (or, at least, the excellent Translator of that Piece), has made just the same Distinction in the Personages of

And again of the same;

Os humerosque Deo similis: namque ipse decoram  
Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ  
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores. *Æn.* 1. 591.

§ Seu solvit crines, fufis decet esse capillis;  
Seu comsit, comtis est veneranda comis:

Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;

Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit:

Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

*Tibullus, lib. 4. El. 2. 14.*

— Pars minima est ipsa puella sui. *Ovid.*

Wisdom

Wisdom and Pleasure; the former of which he describes as moving on to that young Hero, with the majestic Sort of Grace; and the latter, with the familiar.

*Graceful, yet each with different Grace they move;  
This striking sacred Awe, that softer winning Love\*.*

The strongest Examples of each kind that I ever remember to have seen, was Lady S \* \* \*, for the majestic sort of Grace; Lady R \* \* \*, for the familiar; and Mrs. B \* \* \*, for each, at different times; and sometimes for both of them united and blended together.

But not to have you imagine, that I am inclined to confine this Part of Beauty only to Persons of Quality and Distinction; I shall just add, that we meet it, not unfrequently, even on the Stage; and particularly, in that sort of Dances which are meant to express Characters and Passions; and in which you may easily recollect how much *Comargo* excelled, for the nobler sort of Grace; and *Fossanine*, for the more tender and pathetic.

There is no Poet I have ever read, who seems to me to understand this Part of Beauty so well as our own *Milton*. He speaks of these Two sorts of Grace, very distinctly; and gives the

\* Choice of *Hercules*, St. 3.

Majestic \* to his *Adam*, and both the Familiar and Majestic to *Eve*; but the latter in a less Degree than the former: In doing which he might either be led by his own excellent Judgment, or possibly might have an Eye to what is said by † *Cicero*, in speaking on this Subject.

\* Two of far nobler Shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad,  
 In naked Majesty, seem'd Lords of all;  
 And worthy seem'd. For in their Looks divine  
 The Image of their glorious Maker shone:  
 Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;  
 Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd;  
 Whence true Authority in Men: Though both  
 Not equal, as their Sex not equal, seem'd.  
 For Contemplation he, and Valour, form'd;  
 For Softness she, and sweet attractive Grace.

*Milton's Parad. Lost, b. 4. 298.*

———— I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a Plantain; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry Image. ———

(*Eve, of Adam and herself.*) *Ib. v. 480.*

————— Her heav'nly Form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine;  
 Her graceful Innocence; her ev'ry Air  
 Of Gesture, or least Action. ———

*B. 9. 461.*

Grace was in all her Steps: Heav'n, in her Eye;  
 In ev'ry Gesture Dignity, and Love.

*B. 8. 489.*

Speaking, or mute, all Comeliness and Grace  
 Attends thee; and each Word, each Motion, forms.

*Ib. v. 223.*

It is observable, that in each of the Three last Passages, *Milton* seems to have had those Lines of *Tibullus* in his Thoughts;

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò vestigia vertit,  
 Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

† *Venustatem, muliebrem ducere debemus; dignitatem, virilem. Cicero de Offic. lib. 1. 130.*

Though

Though Grace is so difficult to be accounted for in general; yet I have observ'd Two particular things, which (I think) hold universally in relation to it.

The First is: "That there is no Grace, without Motion;" by which I mean, without some genteel or pleasing Motion, either of the whole Body, or of some Limb, or, at least, of some Feature. And it may be hence, that Lord *Bacon* (and, perhaps, *Horace*), \* call Grace, by the Name of decent Motion; just as if they were equivalent Terms.

*Virgil* in one Place points out the Majesty of *Juno*, and in another the graceful Air of *Apollo* †, by only saying, that they move; and possibly he means no more, when he makes the Motion of *Venus* § the principal thing, by which *Æneas* dis-

\* In Beauty, that of Favour is more than that of Colour; and that of gracious and decent Motion, more than that of Favour. Lord *Bacon's* Works, Vol. 3. p. 362.

Quo fugit Venus, heu! quove color? Decens

Quo motus? — (For so, I think, this Passage should be read; because the Epithet of graceful, cannot belong to Colour) — *Horace*, lib. 4. *Od.* 13. 18.

† Ast ego, quæ divûm incedo regina — *Æn.* 1. 46.

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur. — *Æn.* 4. 147.

§ Dixit; & avertens rosâ cervice refulsit;

Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem

Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos;

Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Ille ubi matrem

Agnovit, &c. ————— *Æn.* 1. 406.

covers her under all her Disguise; though the Commentators, as usual, would fain find out a more dark and mysterious Meaning for it.

All the best Statues are represented as in some Action, or Motion; and the most graceful Statue in the World (the *Apollo Belvedere*) is so much so, that when one faces it at a little Distance, one is almost apt to imagine, that he is actually going to move on toward you.

All graceful Heads, even in the Portraits of the best Painters, are in Motion; and very strongly in those of *Guido* in particular; which, as you may remember, are all either casting their Looks up toward Heaven, or down toward the Ground, or side-way, as regarding some Object. A Head that is quite unactive, and flung flat upon the Canvas (like the Faces on Medals after the Fall of the *Roman* Empire, or the *Gothic* Heads before the Revival of the Arts) will be so far from having any Grace, that it will not even have any Life in it.

The Second Observation is: "That there can be no Grace, with Impropriety;" or, in other Words, that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the Characters of the Person.

The Graces of a little lively Beauty would become ungraceful in a Character of Majesty; as the majestic Airs of an Empress would quite destroy

stroy the Prettiness of the former. The Vivacity that adds a Grace to Beauty in Youth, would give an additional Deformity to old Age ; and the very same Airs, which would be charming on some Occasions, may be quite shocking when extremely mis-timed, or extremely mis-placed.

This inseparable Union of Propriety and Grace seems to have been the general Sense of Mankind ; as we may guess from the \* Languages of several Nations ; in which some Words that answer to our Proper or Becoming, are used indifferently for Beautiful or Graceful.

And yet I cannot think (as some seem inclined to do), that Grace consists entirely in Propriety ; because Propriety is a thing easy enough to be understood, and Grace (after all we can say about it) very difficult. Propriety therefore and Grace are no more one and the same thing, than Grace and Motion are : 'Tis true, it cannot subsist without either ; but then there seems to be something else, what I cannot explain, and what I do not know that ever any body has explained, that goes to the Composition ; and which possibly may give its greatest Force and Pleasingness.

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\* Thus, among the *Greeks*, the Words *Πραῖον* and *Καλόν*, and among the *Romans*, *Pulchrum* and *Decens*, or *Decorum*, are used indifferently for one another.

Whatever are the Causes of it, this is certain, that Grace is the chief of all the constituent Parts of Beauty; and so much so, that it seems to be the only one which is absolutely and universally admired: All the rest are only relative. One likes a brunette Beauty better than a fair one; I may love a little Woman, and you a large one, best; a Person of a mild Temper will be fond of the gentler Passions in the Face, and one of a bolder Cast may chuse to have more Vivacity and more vigorous Passions exprest there: But Grace is found in few, and is pleasing to all.

Grace, like Poetry, must be born with a Person; and is never, wholly, to be acquired by Art.

The most celebrated of all the antient Painters, was *Apelles*; and the most celebrated of all the Modern, *Raphael*: And 'tis remarkable, that the distinguishing Character of each of them was Grace. Indeed, that alone could have given them so high a Pre-eminence over all their other Competitors.

Grace has nothing to do with the lowest Part of Beauty, or Color; very little with Shape, and very much with the Passions; for it is she who gives their highest Zest, and the most delicious Part of their Pleasingness to the Expressions of each of them.

All the other Parts of Beauty are pleasing in some Degree, but Grace is Pleasingness itself; and the

old *Romans* in general seem to have had this Notion of it; as may be inferred from the original Import\* of the Names which they used for this Part of Beauty.

The *Greeks*, as well as the *Romans*, must have been of this Opinion; when, in settling their Mythology, they made the *Graces* the constant Attendants of *Venus*, or the Cause of Love; and, in Fact, there is nothing causes Love so generally, and so irresistibly, as Grace. 'Tis like the *Cestus* of the same Goddess, which was supposed to comprehend† every thing that was winning and engaging

\* *Gratia*, from *gratus*, or pleasing; and *decor*, from *decens*, or becoming.

† Η, και απο τηδεσφιν ελυσσας κισον ιμανηα  
 Ποικιλον· ενθα δε οι θεληνηρια πανηα τεθυκτο.  
 Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλητης, εν δ' Ιμερος, εν δ' Οαριςυς  
 Παρφασις, ητ' εκλεψε ροσν πυκα περ ορονεοιησι·  
 Τον ρα οι εμβαλε χερσιν, επος τ' εφαι', εκ τ' ονομαζε.  
 Τη γυν τειν ιμαιηα, τειω δ' εγκατθεο κολπω  
 Ποικιλον, φ ενι πανηα τεθυχαλι· ουδε σε φημι  
 Απρηκτον γε νεεσθαι, ο τι φρεσι σησι μενοιναις.  
 Ως φαι, μειδησεν δε βρωπις ποδηνια Ηρη·  
 Μειδησασα δ' επεηα εω εγκατθετο κολπω.

*Homer, Il. ξ. 223.*

She said; with Awe divine, the Queen of Love  
 Obey'd the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*:  
 And from her fragrant Breast the Zone unbrac'd,  
 With various Skill and high Embroid'ry grac'd.  
 In this was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm,  
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:  
 Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,  
 The kind Deceit, the still reviving Fire,  
 Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,  
 Silence that spoke, and Eloquence of Eyes.

This

gaging in it ; and beside all, to oblige the Heart to Love, by a secret and inexplicable Force, like that of some magic Charm.

AS CRITO paused here, both MILESIOUS and TIMANTHES thanked him for his Account of a thing, which they had never heard so far accounted for before ; and the latter added, that in his Division of the Parts which constitute Beauty, he, at first, thought him guilty of an Omission, in not adding a Fifth, that of Motion. CRITO said, that he had not forgot that, but thought it was compre-

This on her Hand the *Cyprian* Goddess laid ;  
Take this, and with it all thy Wish, she said :  
With Smiles she took the Charm ; and smiling prest  
The pow'rful *Cestus* to her snowy Breast.

*Pope, Il. 14. 256.*

*La Motte's* Imitation of the same Passage, is extremely good too ; though he adds a *French* Flourish at the End of it.

Ce tissu, le simbole & la cause à la fois  
Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ses loix.  
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche ;  
D'un sourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche :  
Passionne la voix, en adoucit les sons ;  
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons :  
Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagêmes ;  
Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des sages mêmes :  
Et la nature enfin y voulut renfermer  
Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer.  
En prenant ce tissu, que Venus lui presente,  
Junon n'étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.  
Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,  
Surpris cherchent Venus ; doutent qui l'est des deux :  
L'Amour même trompé, trouve Junon plus belle ;  
Et, son arc à la main, déjà vole après elle.

hended

hended under the other Heads. For all genteel Motion (says he), as I have been so lately mentioning, falls under the Article of Grace; whence *Horace* calls it by it's true Name of graceful Motion; and common Motions are only so many Variations of the Attitude, or Position of the particular Parts of the Body, and Features of the Face: The more significant of which, belong to the Article of the Passions; and the less significant, may be comprehended under that of mere Form or Figure. And now I mention *Horace*, added he, 'tis observable enough, that he, and the other *Roman* Authors, have distinct Names for each of my Four constituent Parts of Beauty, which the Commentators and Dictionary-writers have been sometimes too apt to mistake for Names of Beauty in general. Thus for the First they use the Word, *Color*; for the Second, *Forma*; for the Third, they seem to have had several distinct Names, according to the different Sorts of Passions whose Delightfulness they spoke of; for the Fourth, they used *Gratia* and *Decor*, when they spoke of it in general; and *Venustas* or *Dignitas*, when they had a mind to be more particular. Their Word *Nitor* too\*, and

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\* — Liparæi nitor Hebræi. *Horat. Lib. 3. Od. 12. 6.*

Urit me Glycæræ nitor

Splendentis Pario marmore purius.

*Id. Lib. 1. Od. 19. 6.*

The Epithets *marmoreus*, *eburneus*, and *candidus*, are all applied to Beauties by the *Roman* Poets; sometimes as to their Shape, and sometimes as to the Shiningness here spoken of.

some others of a like Import, which seem sometimes to be used in general for Beauty, belong more properly to that superficial Sort of Beauty, which I mentioned in part under the First Head, in speaking of the silky Appearance of the Skin, and the Luminousness in some Eyes. But to talk of Things, rather than Words ; I should be willing to add some general Observations that I have made, at times, in thinking on this Subject.

It has been observed by some Writers, that there is naturally a great deal of Propriety in Pleasure ; or, in other Words, that Pleasure is annexed by Nature to such Things as are proper for our Preservation, and Pain to such as would be destructive to us. Thus Pleasure, for Example, is annexed to Food and Exercise ; and Pain, to such Degrees of Abstinence and Indolence as would be hurtful. The same may be observed in the different Sort of Pleasures, adapted to each Stage of human Life. Thus in Infancy, when Growth is as necessary as Support, we have more frequent Returns of Appetite, and more Pleasure in Feeding ; and as frequent Feeding requires the more Exercise, the chief Pleasure of that Age consists in the Love of Motion, and in a Series of little sportive Exercises. The same is carried on in other Pleasures, equally adapted to the middle and latter Stages of Life ; so far, that where-ever Nature has affixed a Pleasure, she seems to lead and conduct us toward some Duty or other ; either for the Preservation

ervation of the Individual, or the Continuance of the Species.

There is a great deal of the same Propriety to be observed, in the Dispensation of Beauty and Deformity. The good Passions are all pleasing ; and the bad, disagreeable. Virtue is naturally the most beautiful and lovely thing in the World ; and Vice, the most odious and deformed.

There is also a Propriety in the Timing of Beauty. Thus, for Instance, a Peach or a Pine-apple are in their highest Beauty, just at the time that they should be eat. They want a Ripeness of Colors, as well as of Taste, till they come to that State ; and gradually decay in Beauty, as they go farther and farther from it.

It might sound odd to you, if I should say, that a Woman is like a Pine-apple ; yet the Similitude would hold much farther, and in more Particulars, than any one would at first imagine. She has her Season of growing to her greatest State of Beauty, of Continuance in it, and of a Decay from it, as well as that ; and the highest Season of their Beauty is just as properly timed in the one Case, as in the other.

As to the Quantity of Beauty, in particular Persons, I have sometimes had a Thought, which may serve (at least) to divert you. You know that *Monf. de Piles*, in his *Lives of the Painters*, has

laid down a Scale by which one may judge of their comparative Excellence. Now I should think, that a Scale might be settled in the same manner, by which one might judge tolerably well of the proportional Excellence in any of our most celebrated Beauties. In this Scale, I would set the highest Excellence in Color, at Ten; in Shape, at Twenty; in Expression, at Thirty; and in Grace, at Forty. So that the greatest Excellence of Beauty, at the highest Reckoning in each Part of it, would amount in all to One hundred.

There is probably no Instance of the highest Excellence in all these Particulars, in any one Person. They who run very high in some Articles, are often as deficient in others. If I was to state the Account, as to some particular Ladies, who have been generally allowed to be very great Beauties, I should assign to Lady *L. B \* \* \**, Eight for Color, Four for Shape, Twenty-five for Expression, and Ten for Grace; in all, Forty-seven; not quite half-way in the complete Sum of Excellence:—To Mrs. *A \* \* \**, Eight for Color, Seventeen for Shape, Fifteen for Expression, and Twenty for Grace; in all, Sixty Degrees of Excellence:—And to Mrs. *B \* \* \**, Eight for Color, Ten for Shape, Twenty-five for Expression, and Thirty for Grace; in all, Seventy-three. And that is the highest Sum, that I could in Conscience allow to any Woman that I have ever yet seen.

Extreme Deformity should be rated, under each Article, at the same Numbers as the highest Excellence ; and, in mixt Beauties, Deductions should be made for them, in the same manner as the Additions are for the former. Thus, for Example, Mrs. *M* \* \* \*, for Color Six, Shape Fifteen, Expression Twenty, to be deducted ; Grace Five ; which will reduce her other Degrees of Excellence only to Six.

Others would have no Share at all, in our present Subject ; as falling, under each Article, to the Balance of Deformity. Thus Mrs. *P* \* \* \*, bad Color Six, Shape *ditto* Four, Expression of bad Passions Twenty-five, Ungracefulness Ten ; which together make Forty-five, all on the wrong Side of the Question.

I do not pretend, in all this, to have made my Calculations exactly ; but rather to point out to you, what might be done by such as are more exact Judges of Beauty than I can pretend to be. The best may be liable to some little false Byas or other ; but if their Calculations did not answer in every Point precisely to the Truth, they might at least come very near it.

These exact Judges indeed may not be so frequently to be met with ; for Judgment, as well as Beauty, is dealt out in very unequal Proportions to Mankind ; and a very great Excellence in either, falls to the Lot of but a few. However, good  
Judgment

Judgment is the more common of the Two ; and, I believe, People in general are more capable of judging right of Beauty (at least, in some Parts of it), than they are of most other Things.

Yet there are a great many Causes, apt to mislead the Generality in their Judgments of Beauty ; and I shall beg leave to enumerate some of them.

If the Affection is entirely engaged by any one Object, a Man is apt to allow all Perfections to that Person ; and very little, in comparison, to any body else ; or, if they ever commend others highly, 'tis for some Circumstance in which they bear some Resemblance to their favourite Object.

People are very often misled in their Judgments, by a Similitude either of their own Temper, or Personage, in others. It is hence, that a Person of a mild Temper is more apt to be pleased with the gentler Passions in the Face of his Mistress ; and one of a very lively Turn would choose more of Spirit and Vivacity in his ; that little People are inclin'd to prefer pretty Women, and larger People majestic ones ; and so on, in a great Variety of Instances. This may be called falling in Love with ourselves, at Second-hand ; and Self-love (whatever other Love may be) is sometimes so false-sighted, that it may make the most plain, and even the most disagreeable, things seem beautiful and pleasing.

I remember, at the Tryal of the *Scotch* Lords a few Years ago in *Westminster-hall*, a Pair of apish Lovers, that sat by each other ; and gave no small Diversion to a good Part of that large Company, before the Lords made their Appearance. They were perpetually turning their Heads toward each other, a good deal in the same manner, and at the same time ; smil'd together, grinn'd together, and laugh'd out together. All their Actions were pleasing to each other, though so very displeasing to every body else.

Sometimes an Idea of Usefulness may give a Turn to our Ideas of Beauty ; as the very same things are reckoned Beauties in a Coach-horse, which would be so many Blemishes in a Race-horse.

I have often thought some Ladies a little too unguarded, as to this Particular. They seem to have the *Polyphemus* \* Idea of Beauty ; and talk as if

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\* When *Ulysses*, after having put out that *Cyclops's* Eye, tells him his real Name and Character ; the Monster makes the following Exclamation :

Ω ποποι, η μαλα δη με παλαιραια δεσραθ' ικανη.  
 Εσκε τις ενθαδε μαλ'ις αρη ηνυς τε μεγας τε,  
 Τηλεμος Ευρυμιδης —————  
 Ος μοι ερη ταδε παν'α τελευτησαδαι οπισω  
 Χειρων εξ Οδυσσος αμαρτησαδαι οπατης.  
 Αλλ' αιει τινα φω'α μεγαν και καλον εδεγμιν  
 Ενθαδ' ελευσεδαι, μεγαλην επιεμενον αλχηι  
 Νυν δε μ' εων ολιγος τε, και η'ιδαν', και ακ.κν,  
 Οφθαλμω αλαωτεν. ——— Οδ. Ι. 516.

if it was a Maxim absolutely establisht in their Breasts, that nothing can be beautiful, unless it has some Approach to the Gigantic. “Such a Man,” says Mrs. D \* \* \*, “is really a pretty Fellow, “though so little;” without considering, that he could not be so pretty, if he was larger. And then is she for ever crying up her chief Favourite, Mr. E \* \* \*, with that very bad Face, and those very bad Passions which generally appear in it, only because his Shoulders spread a good deal wider, than they ought to do.

But the greatest and most general Misleader of our Judgments, in relation to Beauty, is Custom, or the different national Tastes for Beauty; which turn chiefly on the Two lower Parts of it, Color and Form.

It was from the most common Shape of his Countrywomen that *Rubens*, in his Pictures, delights so much in Plumpness; not to give it a worse Name. Whenever he was to represent the most beautiful Women, he is sure to give them a good Share of Corpulence. It seems as if no-

Oh Heav'ns! Oh Faith of antient Prophecies!  
 This *Telemus Eurymides* foretold: ———  
 Long since he menac'd, such was Heav'n's Command;  
 And nam'd *Ulysses* as the destin'd Hand.  
 I deem'd some godlike Giant to behold;  
 Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave, and bold:  
 Not this weak pygmy Wretch. ———

*Pope's Translat. B. 9. v. 603.*

body

body could be a Beauty with him, under Two hundred Weight. His very *Graces* are all fat.

But this may go much farther than mere Bulk ; it will reach even to very great Deformities ; which sometimes grow into Beauties, where they are habitual and general. One of our own Countrymen (who was a particularly handsome Man), in his travelling over the *Alps*, was detained by a Fever in one of those Villages, where every grown Person has that sort of Swellings in the Neck, which they call *Goters* ; and of which I have seen some, very near as big as their Heads. The first *Sunday* that he was able, he went to their Church (for he was a *Roman Catholic*) to return Thanks to Heaven for his Recovery. A Man of so good a Figure, and so well drest, had probably never before been within the Walls of that Chapel. Every body's Eyes were fixt upon him ; and, as they went out, they cried out, loud enough for him to hear them ; “ O “ how completely handsome would that Man be, “ if he had but a *Goter* ! ”

In some of the most military Nations of *Africa*, no Man is reckoned handsome that has not Five or Six Scars in his Face. This Custom might, possibly, at first, be introduced among them, to make them less afraid of Wounds in that Part, in Battle ; but, however that was, it grew at last to have so great a Share in their Idea of Beauty, that they now cut and slash the Faces of their poor little Infants, in order to give them those *Graces* when

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they

they are grown up, which are so necessary to win the Hearts of their Mistresses; and which, with the Assistance of some Jewels, or Ingots of Gold, in their Noses, Ears, and Lips, must certainly be irresistible to the Ladies of that Country.

The Covering each Cheek all over with a burning Sort of red Color, has long been look'd upon in a neighbouring Country to be as necessary to render a fine Lady's Face completely beautiful, as these Scars are for the Beaux in *Africa*.

'Tis really surprising, that there should be so wide a Difference in the Tastes of Two Countries, as there is in this Particular between the *French* and us; when the bordering People of each live nearer together, than the Inhabitants do in the Extremes of one of our own moderate Counties; as, for Instance, in this good County of *Surry*, in particular.

The First time I saw the Ladies all ranged in the Front of the Boxes, at the Opera at *Paris*, they seem'd to me to look like a long Bed of high-color'd full-blown Pionies in a Garden.

The Two prettiest Women I have ever seen, are the Duchess of B \* \* \*, in *France*, and Mrs. A \* \* \*, in *England*; and the very Reason why I should give the Preference to the latter of the Two is, that the former is obliged, by the Fashion of the Country where she lives, to heighten the  
Color

Color of the Roses which Nature had scattered over her Cheeks, into one great Mass of Vermilion.

Were a *Frenchman*, on his first Coming over hither, to see a Set of our greatest Beauties all in a Row, he might probably think them like a Bed of Lilies ; or, at least, like a Border of light-color'd Pinks.

In fact, when the Count *de Grammont* was in *England* in King *Charles* the Second's time, when the Court was so gay, and so particularly well furnished with Beauties ; he said, " That the "*English* Ladies were particularly handsome ; but " that it was a great Pity that they were all so " pale."

The natural Complexion of the *Italian* Ladies is of a higher Glow than ours usually are ; and yet Mr. *Addison* is very just, in making a *Numidian* call the Ladies of the same Country, " \* Pale, " unripen'd Beauties."

- The glowing Dames of *Zama's* royal Court  
Have Faces flush'd with more exalted Charms :  
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,  
Works up more Fire and Color in their Cheeks :  
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget  
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the North !

*Syphax*, to *Juba* ; in *Cato*. Act 1. Sc. 4.

The Prince of *Annamaboo*, who had been so long, and laterly so much used to the *European* Complexion, yet said, a little before he left *London*; “ That Miss C \* \* \* would be the most “ charming Woman in the World, if she was but “ a Negro.”

I remember to have read, in an Account of some of the farthest Travels that any of our People have made up the River *Gambia*; that when they came to some Villages, where probably no *Europeans* had ever been before, the Women ran frighten'd and screaming from them; on taking them to be Devils, merely on Account of the Whiteness of their Complexion.

I cannot help observing to you, that Heaven is very good and merciful to Mankind even in making us capable of all this Variety of Mistakes. If every Person judg'd exactly right of Beauty, every Man that was in Love in such a District, would be in Love with the same Woman. Only consider of what fatal Consequence this must be, in any City or Town that you are best acquainted with. The acknowledged Fair one, in the same manner, could choose out but one happy Man for her Favourite, in all her Town of Lovers; and all the rest must be left in a State of Despair. This (as bad as it would be) is only the best Side of the Case; and supposing every thing to be carried on with a Patience and Tranquillity, that would then be almost impossible; for, in Truth, if the Affections of all  
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centred on the same Object, nothing but perpetual Quarrels and Mischiefs would be to be apprehended. The superior Beauty of each Hamlet would be the Object of the Hate and Malice of all the rest of her own Sex in it; and the Cause of Diffension and Murders among all of the other. If this would hold in one Town, it would hold, for the same Reasons, in every other Town or District; and of course, there would be nothing more wanting than this universal right Judgment of Beauty, to render the whole World one continued Scene of Blood and Misery.

But now that Fancy has perhaps more to do with Beauty than Judgment, there is an Infinity of Tastes, and consequently an Infinity of Beauty; for, to the Mind of the Lover, supposed Beauty is full as good as real. Every body may now choose out what happens to hit his own Turn and Cast. The honest Rustic can think himself happy in his Woman of a good strong Make, and sun-burnt frowzy Complexion; the fine Gentleman may be blest in his Coquette; the common Soldier can delight himself with his Gin-drinking Trull; and the Captain, with his military Mistress.

This increases the Extent of Beauty vastly, and makes it in a manner universal; for there are but few People, in comparison, that are truly beautiful; but every body may be beautiful in the Imagination of some one or other. As I have said before, some may delight themselves in a black Skin,

Skin, and others in a white; some in a gentle natural Rosiness of Complexion, others in a high, exalted, artificial Red; some Nations, in Waists disproportionably large; and another, in Waists as disproportionably small. In short, the most opposite Things imaginable may each be looked upon as beautiful, in whole different Countries; or by different People, in the same Country.

I should be apt to make a Distinction here again, as to the Two former Parts of Beauty, and the Two latter. Fancy has much more to do in the Articles of Form and Color, than in those of the Passions and Grace. The good Passions, as they are visible on the Face, are apparent Goodness, and that must be generally amiable; and true Grace, where-ever it appears to any Degree, I should think, must be pleasing to every human Creature; or, perhaps, this may never appear in the Women of any Nation, where the Men are grown so savage and brutal, as to have lost all Taste for it.

Yet, even as to Grace itself, under the Notion of Pleasingness (as I was just now calling it), it may become almost universal; and be as subject to the Dominion of Fancy, as any of the less significant Parts of Beauty. A Parent can see Genteelness, in the most awkward Child perhaps that ever was born; and a Person who is truly in Love, will be pleas'd with every Motion and Air of the Person belov'd; which is the most distinguishing Character that belongs to Grace. 'Tis true, this is  
all

all a mistaken Grace; but, as to that particular Person, it has all the Effects of the true.

Since I have spoken of this Extent and Universality of suppos'd Beauty, it would be very ungrateful not to say something of the real Beauty of the other Works of Nature; which seem to reach every-where, as far as we are acquainted with them; and to meet us, which-ever Way we turn our Eyes.

If we look upon the Earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful Inequalities, and a pleasing Variety of Plains, Hills, and Mountains; generally cloathed by Nature in a living Green, the Color that is the most delightful and the most refreshing to the Eye; diversified with an Infinity of different Lights and Shades; adorn'd with various Sorts of Trees, Fruits, and Flowers; intersperst often with winding Rivers, or limpid Streams, or spreading Lakes; or terminating perhaps on a View of the Sea, which is for ever changing its Form, and in every Form is pleasing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the Rising of the Sun, the gentle Azure of the noble Arch expanded over our Heads, the various Appearance and Colors of the Clouds, the fleeting Shower, and the painted Bow! Even in the Absence of its great Enlivener, the Sun, we see it all studded with living Lights, or gilded by the more solemn Beauties of the Moon; most pleasing in  
her

her infant Shape, and most majestic, when in her full Orb. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the very Lightnings are pleasing, when struggling amidst the shaded Clouds; and those Fires that dart and waver upwards, sometimes in various Colors, and sometimes with Streams of gentle Light, not unlike the Break of Day, on first Appearance of the Morning, from whence they have their Name.

If we turn toward the different Sorts of Animals, 'tis observable enough among them, that the Beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another in their own Species, is so contrived as to diffuse Pleasure to those of other Species, or at least to Man. How beautiful, even to us, are the Colors that adorn the Necks of the Pigeon and Pheasant? The Train of the Mackaw and Peacock? And the whole Dress of several Sorts of Birds, more particularly in the Eastern Parts of the World? How neat and pleasing is the Make of the Deer, the Greyhound, and several Sorts of Horses? How beautiful is the Expression of the Passions, in a faithful Dog? And they are not even without some Degrees of Grace; as may be seen, in particular, in the natural Motions of a *Chinese* Pheasant; or the acquired ones, of a managed Horse. And I the rather take Part of the Beauty of all these Creatures to be meant, by the Bounty of Nature, for us; because most of the different Sorts of Sea-Fish (which live chiefly out of our Sight) are of Colors

lors and Forms more hideous, or (at best) less agreeable to us.

And as the Beauty of one Species of Animals may be so designed and adapted, as to give Pleasure to many others; so the Beauty of different Worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one World to another; and from one System of Worlds to another; and may end in one great universal Beauty, of all created Matter taken in one View. How far this may hold, we are as yet incapable even of forming any Guess; but some late Discoveries have shewn, that there is a surprising Symmetry and Proportion in the Sizes and Disposition of the several Worlds in our own System; from whence one would be apt to imagine, that the same Beauty of Proportion is kept up between the Worlds of other Systems; and, possibly, even between one System and another: At least, all that we know of these Worlds, are exactly proportioned; and all that we see of them, is beautiful. Thus all such of them as come within our View, make what we call a fine starry Heaven; and as they compose that beautiful Object to us, so does our System make a Part in several of their Prospects; and may be, in the great Composition of the Universe, a little single Stud in a noble Piece of mosaic Work.

And yet all the Profusion of Beauty I have been speaking of, and even that of the whole Universe taken together, is but of a weaker Nature in Comparison

parison of the Beauty of Virtue. It was extremely well said by *Plato*, That if Virtue was to appear in a visible Shape, all Men would be enamoured of her: And it seems as if the *Greeks* and *Romans* in general had had this Idea of her Beauty, because the Goddess of Virtue, and the Goddess of Wisdom (which was often taken for one and the same Thing among them, as well as in our Sacred Writings), were always represented with the greatest and most commanding Beauty. The same appears yet stronger from their using the Words Good \* and Beautiful indifferently for each other; as if all Beauty was contained in Goodness.

Indeed the Beauty of Virtue or Goodness exceeds all other Beauty, as much as the Soul does the Body.

The highest Object of Beauty that we can see is the Goodness of God, as displayed in the Works of the Creation. In him all Goodness and Beauty dwells; and whatever there is of moral Beauty in the whole Universe beside, is only as so many Emanations from the divine Author of all that is Good and Beautiful.

We sometimes see a few feeble Rays of this Beauty reflected in human Actions, but much discolored by the Medium through which they pass;

\* Καλον, Πρεπον, Pulchrum, Honestum.

and yet how charming do they even thus appear in some Persons, and on some Occasions? All the Grandeur in the World is as nothing in Comparison of any one of these good becoming Deeds. How many more Charms are there, for Instance, in the Actions of such an humble Person as the *Man of Ross*, than in all the Victories of our *Edwards* and our *Harries*? or (to go farther back in History) how much more amiable is the Death of *Socrates*, than the whole Life of *Alexander* the Great?

As Virtue is the supreme Beauty, so is Vice the most odious of all Deformities. I do not know how to make this more evident to you by any Instance, than by that of the different Conduct of Two very celebrated Poets, *Milton* and *Tasso*, in describing the fallen Angels: *Tasso's* Devils are chiefly made hideous by their Shape; their Horns and Tails are the principal Ingredients of Deformity in his Descriptions of them; whereas *Milton* generally omits those little Particulars, and paints out the Deformity of their Minds; their Pride, Impiety, Malignity, and Obstinacy; by which means his Devils are tenfold more Devils, and more odious and horrible to the Reader, than those of the *Italian* Poet.

There is a mighty easy Consequence to be drawn from all this, which well deserves to be more generally observed. If Virtue be the chief Beauty, People, to be beautiful, should endeavour to be vir-

tuous; and should avoid Vice, and all the worst Sort of Passions, as they would fly Deformity. I wish the more beautiful Half of the human Creation, in particular, were thoroughly sensible of this great Truth; “ That the readiest way to be beautiful, “ is to be good;” and such of them as are more solicitous about choosing and adjusting what they wear, and how that will appear, than about forming their Minds, and regulating their disagreeable Passions, will really fall under the Censure I mentioned before, from one of the *Latin* Poets; and shew too plainly to all the World, that they, in their own Hearts, consider their Dress as the better Part of themselves.

I must have quite tired you, I believe, added CRITO, rising; and should be glad if you would take a little Walk, to refresh us all after this long Harangue. It has been far from seeming long to us (reply'd MILESIUS, as they were all going together out of the Tent): 'Tis a Subject that can scarce ever be tiresome; and your Manner of treating it has, in general, been very pleasing; only I must say, that, toward the Conclusion, it began to grow a little too like a Sermon. I wish, says TIMANTHES, that some Ladies of your Acquaintance had been present at the whole Discourse, and particularly at that Part of it; for I don't know whether it might not have done them more Good, than any Sermon that they ever were at in their Lives. However, as there were no Ladies here, I wish CRITO would give us, who were of his Audience,

Leave

Leave to beg he would be so good as print it, for the Benefit of the Fair Sex in general; for, I dare say, it would be of good Use to some of them. I know not whether it would be of any Use to them, reply'd CRITO; but if you really thought so, and could recollect enough of it to write it down, 'tis entirely at your Service; and you have my full Leave to send it to the Press, as soon as you please.

F I N I S.

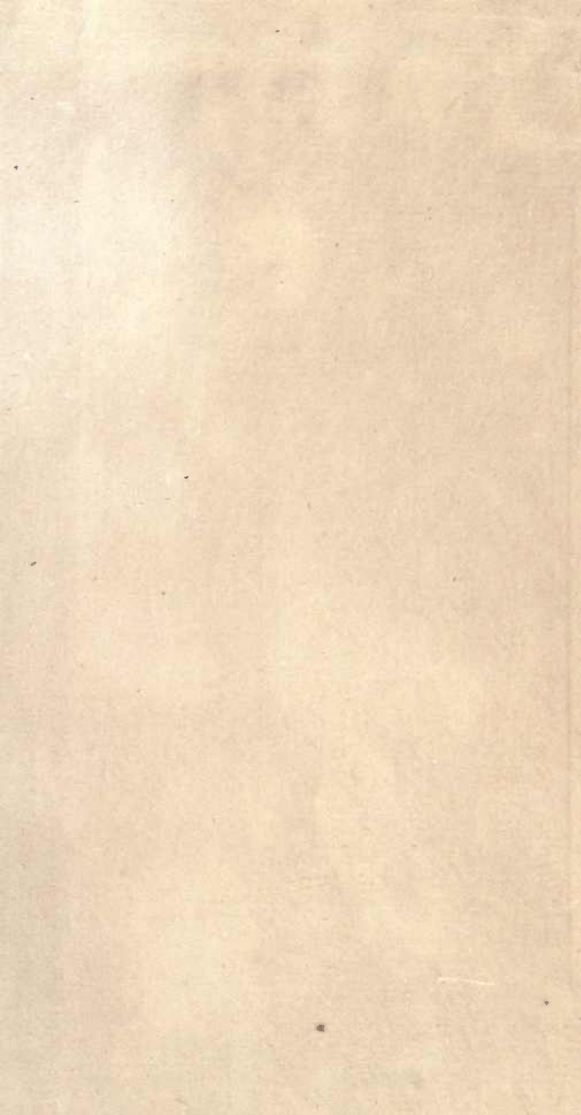


E R R A T A.

Page 3. l. 18. *for* and in which, *read* in which.  
 Page 56. l. 7. *for* on first, *read* or the first.

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